"IF I HAD MY LIFE TO LIVE OVER AGAIN"--By John L. Sullivan.



1882 Champion of the World in Mississippi City.

"Why, think of the thousands I've spenthundreds of thousands! How much good did I ever get out of it? An' now they talk of takin up a subscription fer me in my old age, an' keepin' me in comfort till I die."



1892 Ex Champion of the World knocked out by Corbett at-New Orleans.

"Drinkin' aint such a lot of fun that you get back what you put into it, 'Taint worth it. Nothin' aint worth it, Your strength an' your wind, an' your bein' quick on your feet is worth all the liquor that ever sprouted."

The Ex-Champion Sitting on Muldoon's Porch and Telling Wirifred Black That He Has Fight Enough Left in Him "to Knock Out a Dozen Little Guys."

on the porch at Muldoon's rester-

this life if he had it to live over again.

He is very fat, and his short hair is as gray as a badger's. His bands are puffed and out of shape, but his skin is brown and clear, and his shrewd little elephant's eyes are bright and keen.

The perch at Muldoin's is wide and cool and shady. There are big lounging chairs there, and the great maple trees throw a

flicker of leafy shadow on the steps.

Mr. Sullivan had just come in from a fivemile walk up Snake Hill, and he sat back in his big chair and sighed a sigh of honest that the five miles," he said, "Women don't belong at fights the hills. They're murder, them hills

rength.' You bet it is, too.

"An' a man's a fool to throw his strength "When England gets so Christian that "What would I do if I could fight Corbett Fitzsimuns? strength.' You bet it is, too.

"Drinkin' aint such a lot of tun that ... you get back what you put into it.
"You soar around a while, an' then you

get fat, an' they call you a back number. 'Taint worth it. Nothin' aint worth it. Your strength an' your wind, an' your belu' quick on your feet is worth all the algoer that ever sprouted.

"Hear me, an' take me down, too. "Money! What's money?

'It's a thing to spend, or to save. That's all. If you spend it, they'll call you a good fellow. If you save it, you are a good fellow. Good to yourself-and to your own folks. An' I guess that's what

we're here for, anyhow.
"I told a friend of mine the other day, 'George,' I says. 'It's all right payin' your debts, an' bein' square. I believe in that, I've always fought fair, but,' I says, 'while you're a payin', just sneak out a ten or a twenty for little Georgie, I says, 'don't never you forget little Georgie. Every time you pay a man a hundred, put ten by for your's, an' you'll never regret it.'

" 'Money's a good friend, if you only lock it up, tight enough.' I says. An aint that

"Why, think of the thousands I've spent, Hundreds of thousands! How much good did I ever get out of it? "An' now they talk of takin' up a sub-

scription fer me in my old age, an' keepin'

me in comfort till I die.

John L. Is Philosophic and Reminiscent, and Moralizes and Sermonizes at His Departed Glory and the Cause of It All.

"What would I do if I could begin again? Now, young lady, I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd train.

"Aw, it makes me tired.

"Aw their leads son to be a loc.

"I'd any iman. A man knows the mean things about fightin.

"Aw their leads som to be a loc.

"Aw they doctor sa' he wanted his son to be a loc.

"Aw they leads go dizzy, an' they don't right any man. A man knows the mean things about fightin.

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"Aw they doctor sa' he wanted his son to be a loc.

"An they keep a talkin' with their faces in the man.

"Aw they keep a talkin' with th

The glory of a young man is in his An' being ready to fight any time with any- his strength an' not throw it away same was thannuch worse than was

she wont fight, she'll drop right out o' again? I'd fetch nim a clout on the jaw.

fatigue. 'If aint the five fills, the said, "What the falls, the said, thirty-nine years old, and fat as a porpoise. Eight years out of the ring, and every year wasted.

"Sometimes a feller feels like he'd rather have something to forget with than any other old thing there is."

"What would I do if I could begin again? Now, young lady, I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd train.

"An' they'll fight as long as they are night. An' they'll fight as long as they are night. An' they'll fight as long as they are night. An' they'll fight as long as they are night. An' they'll fight as long as they are night. An' they'll fight as long as they are night. An' they'll fight as long as they are night. An' they'll fight as long as they are night. An' they'll fight as long as they are night. An' they'll fight as long as they are night. An' they'll fight as long as they are night. An' they'll fight as long as they are night. An' they'll fight as long as they are night. An' they'll fight as long as they are night. An' they'll fight as long as they are night. An' they'll fight as long o' the other dubs.

"Fightin' square, that's the thing. Fight in' square, that's the thing square, that's the their own little corner of the ring and other nich in' square, that's the their substitution.

"An' you don't expect 'em to have sense about fightin'. Women an' preachers, they're now in the substitution in the substitution in the substitution in the substitution in the substituti

an' squintin' at me, an' he felt me muscle, an' he measured me chest, an' he says, and he measured me chest, an' he says, and he says, the glory of a young man is his strength. Said it over an' over, an' he seemed to feel kind o' bad about it.

"I don't know why, but I Yelt sorry for him all the time he was sayin' at. He looked so kind o' sickly and puny. I could a killed him by one twist of my thumb, I guess, but that sayin' o' his kind o' stick in my mind.

"The glory of a young man is in his or seemed to fall in the measured me chest, an' he says, the grand of it.

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"The glory of a young man is in his strength an' not throw it any oung man young than the man after you, an' shaite youn hand, an' the youn hand, an

earth could a-knocked me out that time.

"Twasn't fighting that bested me. It was luck. Corbett's luck. An' old John L. was up against it, see? Up against, it. That's where I was. 'How would I lick the champion? There wanidn't be but one champion if I had my life time over again, an' that champion's name would be yours truly, John L. Sui-

"None o' this good feller business would keep me out o' that, I'll tell you,

"But say, there wouldn't be no women at

"Women don't belong at fights no more

"Whatvill I do if I wir his fight win

"I'll tae my money an' I'l settle down in Boston

"Bestons a good little town I've got a little plac there, just our of town. I've got cats ad dogs, and chickes. I get up about 7 o'tock an' potter around the place till 10; the I est; then I read till about 2; then I go awatens, see the bors an' get then I go owntown, see the boys an' get home abouts. I cat supper a' dinner together—two meals is all I ever take—an' about 10 o'ack I go to bed. That's the way I wan to live. I haven't touched a drop for ove eight months.

"Why do want to fight again Do you take it's for for me to all an'.

think it's fu for me to sit an' har what great fellers these new men at, an' I know all the time that one lich of my

hand would settle 'em? Say, did you ever see a big bear one of them feliers from the Pole, trottin' up an' down his eage an' tryin' to bite th fron into chuks? Well, why don't you ask him to & down and listen to the band

"The meal of my life? "I guesshere aint no moral to it.
"I nit a Gentleman John, nor no Blie-Eyed Node: I'm a plain, everyday fighter, I never wasnothin' more, nor nothin' less.

I never premded to be. "I was the biggest man in this country for twelve lars. I couldn't go into the street withou bein' followed by a crowd that wanted t shake my hand and tell me what an house t was to speak to me.

'I was the ig Feller then, an' all the Governors and conters told me so. Now I'm thirty-nine ears old, an' my hair is cay, an' some t the little whitner snap-

"My old age.
"Why, I'm thirty-nine years old—an' I've
got fight enough in me to knock out a He can stand on his head, or throw himself into all sorts of queer shapes, pers that crawlecto me for a word o' recommendation calling poor old John now.

with the ease of a human confescione.

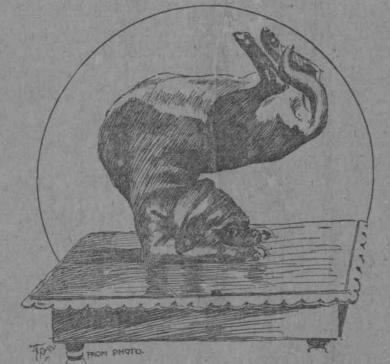


Drinkin' aint such alor of fun."



don't rever forget little Gorgie."

'I told a frind of mine the other day, 'George I says, "it's all ight payin' your debts, an' be square. I belie in that. I've always fought but, I says, 'whe you're a-payin', just sneak ten or a twenty or little Georgie,'



NIBSY, THE DOG CONTORTIONIST.

They make boxers. Men that can dodge and felin and run—they don't make a man that'll fight.

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They make boxers. Men that can dodge and felin fight correlation.

The he walks ar ound fall one fight correlation.

They make boxer. The he walks ar ound fall one fight correlation in the dog. He stores in the dor. The legs and throws his hinks down until his under faw tone the

Why think of the thousands

Ive spent "